Volume 18, No. 12 May 1966
News about The New York Times and the men and women who get it out

The Story Behind The Story Behind The C.I.A. Spooks

WASHINGTON.

One day last year I came innocently to New York, prepared to do television battle with Lester Markel, and found myself invited to the publisher's luncheon. With wretched timing, fate had decreed that that morning should be the one when a story called "The Singapore Incident" would break in The Times and other newspapers. It was about the C.I.A. or somebody trying to bribe a Prime Minister or somebody, and I knew nothing whatever about it, and even less about the C.I.A.

Over the soup, I ineptly fended off Turner Catledge's onslaught. When the main course came in, E. C. Daniel took his turn. Over cigars, Punch Sulzberger let fly. The net effect of their gentle inquisition was the question: Why doesn't The New York Times know more about the C.I.A. and what it's doing, and what it is? I knew just enough to realize that getting the answers was going to be a hell of a job.

It was.

Harrison Salisbury and I worked out the general approach. We would try to do a serious, objective, responsible investigation. We would try to avoid preconceived notions. We would use all The Times resources. We would not muckrake and we would not excuse, and we would try to settle any national security questions that arose by the application of the soundest principles of free newspapers.

I came back to Washington, glumly contemplating the future, and called in Max Frankel, John Finney, Ned Kenworthy, Jack Raymond and Al Shuster. They were struck dumb but not, of course, for long. We brainstormed the whole thing for an hour and boiled the project down to a series of questions that needed answers:

Was the C.I.A. under "control" or was it—as our Washington colleagues, David Wise and Tom Ross, had charged—an "invisible government"?

Did it make foreign policy on its own? Did it subvert official policy?

If it did none of these things, how was it controlled?

Should there be, as critics often said, a Congressional committee to oversee the agency more closely?

How well did it function? How did it function?

The planning part was easy. At subsequent meetings we got to the hard work. We made lists of dozens of prospective informants—all the way from President Johnson down to some obscure bureaucrats some of us thought might spill the beans. We ruled out talking to any foreign sources—Ambassadors and the like—on grounds that this could lay us open to charges of swallowing anti-American propaganda.

Meanwhile, I got together a draft letter to a specified list of our foreign correspondents, setting forth the idea of the project, raising our questions, and asking for anything they knew. This went to New York, from where distribution was handled.

•

I understand there were some interesting problems here. Nobody wanted to send such a document to, say, Dave Halberstam in Poland through the open mail; but if we used diplomatic pouch, the letter had to go unsealed. That was no good either. I'm not sure Dave ever did get his letter; Dave Binder told me later that his arrived in Belgrade in the open mail—opened.

At about this point, I hitched up my nerve, put on my trench coat and dark glasses, and took the C.I.A. to lunch. Never mind who, but a Big Spook (and one of the ablest and most decent men in Washington). I laid the cards on the table, just as Salisbury and our reporters' group had dealt them out. If the C.I.A., I said, was under control, didn't make or subvert policy, and really delivered the goods to the Government, as its defenders claimed, it had nothing to fear from responsible patriots like me; The Times would report the facts. The whole world respected The Times, didn't it? So why would it not be good policy for the C.I.A. to cooperate with our investigation?

The response was sobering. No matter how clean a bill of health we might ultimately give the agency, my luncheon partner said, we would inevitably recount a lot of episodes and facts known and

Tom Wicker

up-to-then unknown, and it would all be published under the impeccable imprimatur of The Times, which the world did indeed respect. Moscow and Peking and other capitals would read it as they chose, take what excerpts they wished, and lambast the C.I.A.—and hence the United States—with them all over the world, and blame every blow on The Times.

In short, our project was against the national interest, or so likely to be as to rule it out of the question for the agency to cooperate.

In my best hypocritical Southern manner, I hinted vaguely that we might—one never knew what would happen, of course—find it regrettably necessary to proceed anyway.

•

I went away empty-handed, but not unhopeful. It was surely better for the C.I.A. to make its own case to us than for our story to be developed entirely from unofficial and perhaps hostile sources. Sure enough, over another luncheon, the same man handed over, with official sanction, a packet of nonclassified material—a pamphlet, for instance, used by the C.I.A. in recruiting, and other relatively light-weight documents. Ultimately they were useful for a number of what the bureaucrats here call "nuts and bolts," if not for any more titillating facts.

Moreover, Finney, Frankel and I found ourselves cleared for a high-level briefing at the Langley, Va., headquarters of the

world's most visible spy apparatus. And when we began to call [illegible] interviews, we found a suspicious number whom we had not dreamed would see us, much less yield information, willing to chat with at least guarded candor. But I am getting ahead of the story, because at about this time, the Newspaper Guild went on strike and I lost the services of some of my own best spies.

Those of us available for duty continued interviewing, without much heart in it, but piling up details remarkably. ("There is nothing," Turner Catledge had said in a notable dictum at that first ominous luncheon in New York, "that a good reporter can't find out." It sounds better now than it did then.)

Meanwhile, the memos were coming in from overseas. Neil Sheehan, Lloyd Garrison, Rick Smith sent in early and useful memos. In New York, Salisbury, Syd Gruson, Hank Lieberman and Abe Rosenthal contributed piercing memories of their glory days in the field. Mike Handler and Hanson Baldwin gave us long reports. Like snow the memos fluttered to my desk—from Henry Tanner, Dave Binder, Peter Braestrup, Juan de Onis, Paul Hoffman, Till Durdin, Seth King, Joe Lelyveld, Tony Lukas, Bob Trumbull. Among them they had been everywhere from Ouagadougou to the Pearly Gates, taking notes. They gave us a gold mine of facts and anecdotes and, more important, a windfall of ideas and tips to check out in our own interviews.

Right after the strike ended, as I recall it, Finney, Frankel and I went out to Langley for our briefing. It went on all one afternoon, with five of the agency's highest officials. It was useful, interesting material, much of it of an incontrovertible kind that we could have found out otherwise but only with a lot of extra digging. Nobody came within a furlong of national security matters, although Finney—the most fearsome inquisitor in Washington—kept asking fanged questions and blowing mushroom clouds out [illegible]

The session took place in a windowless room with canned air; the latter emerged from a round ceiling vent, and the three of us discovered later that we all three had the same thought—that the vent was perfectly placed for a microphone and a camera. I am romantic enough to hope that they were really there.

We emerged to a clear, sunny day in the middle of the most perfect fall season ever seen in Washington. The C.I.A. building is in a lush green setting, surrounded by woods and lawns and clipped shrubbery; men and women were strolling around enjoying the weather.

Surveying this campus-like setting, Finney remarked: "I wonder how their football team is doing this season?"

By then, our own team was doing fine. We were interviewing widely—New York, Los Angeles, Cambridge, Princeton. There were, generally, three classes of interviewees. First there were those Government officials and recent Government officials who obviously were seeing us generally because of the point I had made at my luncheon: if we were going to write the series anyway, the C.I.A. might as well get in its side of the story. These men were useful first, because they gave us a great deal of inside but not classified information on purpose, and second, because they dropped a lot of small things without realizing it.

(But, as Frankel once said, maybe they *do* realize it but we *don't* realize that they realize it. Such is the kind of suspicion that you develop when you spy on spies.)

In any case, information from these sources had to be taken with a grain of salt. But where it could be verified, or was self-evidently factual, it lent authority to our other material.

•

The next category of interviewees were former Government officials, members of Congress and military men who saw us because they were interested in the subject, trusted us, were critical of the C.I.A., wanted the C.I.A.'s story told, or for some other reason of their own. They were not "official" sources or "instructed" witnesses. They spoke a good deal more frankly, and in this group we found many knowledgeable men who were skeptical of the cloak of secrecy with which the C.I.A. surrounds itself. They thought much of the secrecy was self-protective, anachronistic or romantic. Up to the point of obvious damage to the national security, many of them were eager to discuss the C.I.A., both in friendly and in hostile fashion.

Finally, I grieve to say, there were certain clams who would see us but not talk—or talk only in those useless generalities that all reporters can recognize in a flash.

But Turner Catledge had been near enough right for our purposes. We found [illegible] the C.I.A. budget, for instance, which had not been accurately reported before; certain links to organizations of apparently independent character; how the C.I.A. gets funds for a quick job of political intrigue. Most interviews yielded grist—either in themselves or grist that fitted with something else in another interview or a correspondent's memo.

After every interview the responsible reporter typed out a voluminous memo. Our trusty Xerox provided ample copies for all. The stack mounted. I kept the memos under lock and key; it wasn't necessary, I suppose, but I was in the spirit of the thing by then.

•

Sometime before Christmas we figured it was time to stop reporting and begin writing; when the holes in our material appeared we could go out and do some more reporting to fill them. Max Frankel worked out an outline for five articles (the orders from on high were for a series of five, Monday through Friday, each to have, if possible, a cliffhanger ending that would key the reader to tomorrow's exciting revelations). Then we gathered and brainstormed again, revised Frankel's outline, settled on a lead (the "Singapore Incident" that had started everything, the explanation of which we had pieced together from at least four separate interviews). With diabolical cunning and bureau-chiefly majesty, I assigned Frankel and Kenworthy to write the first drafts.

They labored mightily for two weeks or so, turning one of the private offices we reserve for serious writing and afternoon naps into a scene of carnage and despair. Kenworthy, of course, is a snorter; he would appear frequently at my door to inform me with finality that it couldn't be done and was all bloody nonsense anyway; then, shrieking imprecations, he would hurtle through the office, scattering copy boys on either side, to plunge ferociously at the typewriter again.

Frankel, on the other hand, is a grinder. There was no news from him but an occasional exclusive he dug up on his lunch hour, just to keep his sources happy, and the machine-gun clatter of his typewriter from behind a closed door.

Somehow, they came out of it with five first drafts. At about that time Bob Phelps innocently joined the bureau as news editor, little knowing what awaited him. In fact, five first drafts awaited him. Trained in New York in the distinguished school of Bernstein Tech, he made invaluable notes for rewriting. We passed the drafts around to the rest of the group. We brainstormed.

There was no longer any escape for me. Armed with everybody's notes, all the memos, the first drafts and one type-

ax Frankel

John Finney

writer, I sat down to rewrite. I wrote five second drafts, snorting like Kenworthy, grinding like Frankel; my wife threatened divorce and I hated the C.I.A. with livid passion.

I cannot recall, now, how long it took, but eventually the job was done. Our group reconvened after having read the new version. Nobody liked my ending for the fifth article, so I undertook manfully to write it again. Frankel was dissatisfied with the second article; he rewrote most of it. All the other criticisms went to Phelps in the form of notes, and he did a copy-editing job on the whole. Then we turned the manuscripts—more than 20,000 words—over to the tender mercies of New York.

To our amazement—by then it seemed an incredible mess to some of us—Catledge, Daniel, Salisbury, etc., liked the pieces with almost no major reservations. But now we had to face squarely the problem of national security and national interest.

•

Our project was anything but a secret in Washington. Early in the game, what can euphemistically be called "high-level interest" had been expressed in calls from Washington to the executive editor and the publisher. I do not believe there was ever anything that could be called an effort to suppress publication, but The Times was warned about security implications and cautioned about its responsibilities. In Washington I was approached about the possibility of a sort of unofficial security review—a question I turned over to the managing editor.

In the end our own high levels decided to request a review from an extremely well-informed but unofficial person. He read the articles, then conferred with numerous editors in New York. He made a few suggestions about points that, in his informed view, would jeopardy national security or could even result in someone's death or capture; so far as I know, we changed or observed each of these points.

Our reviewer made more suggestions about the national interest, as he saw it. Since The Times has as much right to judge the national interest as anyone else, we made our own decisions on these points, as responsibly and as objectively as possible. For instance, we eliminated the name of a prominent Latin-American official—still in office who had been a C.I.A. beneficiary, and told his story anonymously. To damage him would demonstrably damage United States vital interests. But we did not eliminate, as we were urged to do, the connection of Radio Free Europe with the C.I.A. This organization appeals for public support, and we thought its association ought to be made clear to potential givers.

These matters, plus routine editing and second-guessing in New York, brought on another, much less arduous chore of rewriting. Bob Phelps and I handled most of it, and the job on our end—was done. Or so we thought.

Turner Catledge had insisted from the first on having an adequate news peg. Months now had passed since the "Singapore Incident" set the whole thing off. Weeks were to pass before the right time came to publish.

•

Sukarno was out, then in again, more or less. C.I.A. activity, if any, did not surface. Nkrumah fell. Again no C.I.A. I was beginning to wonder if that news peg would ever turn up. (Meanwhile, I'm told, a high White House official was holding our articles over the C.I.A.'s collective head like a club. If a particularly dangerous project came up, he would warn them that The Times was just waiting to pounce.)

Finally, Ramparts magazine broke the Michigan State case, in which it was disclosed that C.I.A. agents had been given cover in a big aid program the university operated for the Diem regime in South Vietnam. Then, in a Baltimore district court, there came to light the strange case of a C.I.A. agent who was being sued for slandering an Estonian refugee by calling him a Soviet agent. The C.I.A. said publicly it had ordered its agent to commit the alleged slander. It claimed immunity for him as an official acting in the line of duty, and refused to let him testify as to the facts of his charge.

Thus, with the C.I.A. in the news again, the time was ripe, public interest was awakened, and our editors thought we had the justification we needed for five articles, 23,000 words in all, trying to answer the questions we had asked ourselves those long months ago.

Hastily, over a weekend, we wrote the news peg material into the pieces and gave the galley proofs a last close check for accuracy and for any [illegible] needed.

On Sunday, April 24, Max Frankel took the shuttle to New York and helped with the final cutting and proofreading on the first article.

Throughout the week The Times sent Rick Mayer, a copy boy, down each day with tomorrow's galleys, so that the authors could give each a last-minute check, and any necessary cuts or changes could be made by telephone. On Thursday night I was at a dinner party and a friend, a former C.I.A. man, told me that "the boys at Langley are waiting for the last shoe to drop tomorrow."

When it fell, and the series was concluded, I read the articles all through again and asked myself what we had accomplished. We apparently had awakened a flicker of Congressional interest in the control and propriety of the C.I.A. We had published more facts—as opposed to myths—about the agency than any newspaper ever had, but I am not sure we got at the whole truth. Who ever does? Turner Catledge's dictim runs to facts, not necessarily to truth.

Later, I called up my luncheon partner of last fall and he said he still believed our articles should not have been published, in the national interest. But if we had to do it, he said, we had done it as fairly and objectively as it could have been done.

If the last part of that is so, I don't mind the unpleasant implication of a lesser C.I.A. official who recently approached me at a party and said sarcastically: "Radio Moscow is quoting you by name these days. You really helped your country, didn't you?"

I don't mind it because I believe we tried responsibly to do what a newspaper ought to do—we tried to shed some light on a troublesome public question; we tried to make our readers better able to judge intelligently a matter of public policy that ought to engage them all. I think *that* is in the national interest; I think *that* is why we have The New York Times and they have Radio Moscow. *Tom Wicker*

Nick Kenney

View from the 14th floor

These comments were written Wednesday, May 18, while negotiations were in progress between The World Journal Tribune and the newspaper unions. I hope by the time they reach print the differences will have been settled, but the views expressed may nevertheless serve to explain The Times position and policies during this difficult period.—A. O. S.

If the Federal Government really wanted to help the New York newspaper situation, it would set up a bureau to control unidentified flying rumors.

Let's not fool ourselves. This department likes a good rumor as well as any man. But some of the stuff floating around these days goes beyond the point of a good story and becomes destructive.

The biggest local rumor, that The Times would shut down in support of The World Journal Tribune if it were struck, turned out to be wrong in the light of all the circumstances at the time the strike began.

The next question is: Now that we are printing, what are our intentions? Unlike an earlier situation with which we are well acquainted, we are not out to get all the circulation we can get; we are not out to get all the advertising we can get, and we are not out to hire away all the talent that is idle in New York at this time.

Neither are we going to start an afternoon newspaper, change our policy to permit syndicated columnists to use The Times as their New York outlet or (to start a new one) print comics.

Lots of nots. So the next question is, what are we going to do? The answer is to continue to publish the best newspaper that we possibly know how.

The World Journal Tribune is going through a difficult hour. We have stated, and state again, that the strong, viable enterprise which this new company could be if it were permitted off the ground would be good for The Times, good for the Publishers Association, good for the unions and good for New York. So, within the limits of prudent business management, we are going to give them all the support that we can at this time.

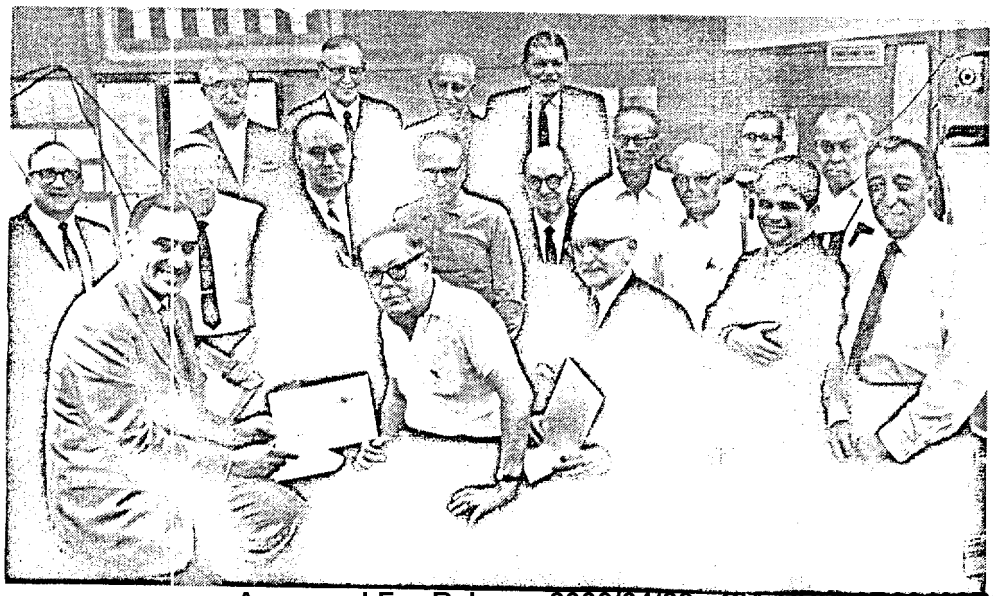
This support manifests itself in a controlled circulation, in nonsolicitation of types of advertising not previously handled by The Times (although we don't reject it if it comes through the transom) and in a policy of not trying to tempt away some of the big-name reporters who are presently not in print. The latter is probably the most difficult because we have been trying to tempt some of them for a long time now. The circulation control is the easiest; when we print the number of papers ordered, we shut down the presses.

What benefit, if any, comes to anyone out of this is dubious. There are about 700,000 fewer New York newspapers being sold daily than before the strike. Newspaper readers are often fickle, as we have learned from other strikes, and if they don't get a newspaper, they can rapidly lose the reading habit. So who gains from this?

I, for one, also frankly doubt that you can save a slot in the marketplace for any product that isn't around, but we will try. And when the bell rings, it will be a pleasure to come out of the corner to meet our new competitors.

Arthur Ochs Sulzberger

Times Printers Honor Oldtimers



The Times chapel of the International Typographical Union paused between editions for a special post-midnight meeting in the composing room on May 3, to honor 34 of its members, each with 40 years in the I.T.U. Dean of the group, in years of service on The Times, was Harold Leidy, an executive foreman, who has piled up 45 years on the fourth floor.

Because of the off-beat hour of the meeting, only nightside printers were on hand to receive their 40-year pins from David Crockett, vice president of Big Six. They are pictured at left with chapel officers. Front row (l. to r.): Dave Crockett, Doug Gardner, Samuel Loeb, Stanley Ades (chapel secretary), Al Cohen. Second row: David Kaltz (first v.p. of the chapel) Bill Hart, Pat Murphy (chapel chairman), Ed Mills, Frank Florentine, Ed Skillman, Harold Leidy, Al Rompf, Lowell Johnson. Back row: Jack Weinstein, Clinton Rollins, Leo Heitmanek, Fred Franze.

SECRET

25X1 5. [redacted] - GLC) In connection with the material that
25X1A ORR is preparing for the Joint Economic Committee, I talked with
[redacted] regarding the matter of attribution of the articles
25X1A to individuals and to the Agency. [redacted] has made available to us
a copy of his paper on "The Soviet Economic System in Transition,"
and we will be talking further with the Committee and interested Agency
offices.

25X1A

25X1 6. [redacted] GLC) Talked with [redacted] CI Staff, and
briefed him on the congressional aspects of the [redacted] case and informa- 25X1C
tion obtained from Representative Daniel Rostenkowski in connection with
it.

25X1 7. [redacted] JSW) Talked with Senator Leverett
Saltonstall to ascertain if he had any word on the status of the Foreign
Relations Committee resolution. He indicated that he had no positive
information but indicated he was of the impression that this may well
simply ride along for a while.

25X1 8. [redacted] - JSW) Talked with Senator Stuart Symington
giving him additional foreign comments on the NEW YORK TIMES series
as well as a chart of the incidents of comment. Suggested that he might
well wish to consider seriously whether he wished to make any statement
making the NEW YORK TIMES series of a few weeks ago a target. After
some discussion he agreed that probably this would not be useful and
perhaps he should remain silent for a while on the Agency. I did suggest
to him he might wish to consider within a few weeks a general statement
dealing with how the Communists abroad handle statements in the U.S.
attacking the Agency. He thought this might be very fruitful and requested
that we prepare something for him to consider. As to the resolution he
stated he had no definite knowledge of what might happen next but stated
that there was no action planned by Russell and his group nor did he know
of any action planned by McCarthy and Fulbright.

25X1 9. [redacted] - JSW) Discussed the Senate Foreign Relations
resolution with Senator Henry M. Jackson and asked his forecast of further
action. He indicated that in view of the head count vote of 65 to 18 against
the resolution, he did not believe that Fulbright and McCarthy would move
soon. He thought that they might simply sit on the matter awaiting a target
of opportunity. He also stated that he felt that there would be adequate
notice of any further action by Fulbright and McCarthy.

SECRET

JOURNAL

OFFICE OF LEGISLATIVE COUNSEL

Friday - 3 June 1966

25X1 1. [redacted] - JGO) Jay Sourwine, Counsel, Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, called and requested assistance for one of the Committee members who has requested a list of the known defectors from United States departments and agencies to the Soviet Union since 1940. I noted that this would appear to be a matter within the responsibility of the FBI but advised that I would pass on his request.

25X1A

25X1 25X1A 2. [redacted] - JGO) Discussed briefly with Mr. [redacted] Office of Training, the lecture by Senator Edmund S. Muskie (D., Maine) at the Brookings Institution before the Mid-Career Course. The main portion of his address related to pending legislation sponsored by the Senator on general Federal, state, local relationships. The last 15 minutes were devoted to a series of vignettes from his Southeast Asian trip. His remarks were very well received. I advised Mr. Ford that we were not yet firm on a speaker for the Course for 13 June.

25X1 3. [redacted] JGO) Mr. Kelleher, House Armed Services Committee, called and advised that the Chairman has received a letter from a constituent that in all probability will require no answer but that he would like to show me for review on Monday.

25X1 4. [redacted] (GLC) On the basis of a request from Senator Stuart Symington, Mr. [redacted] CI Staff, went to the Senator's office to review the material on the NEW YORK TIMES articles in an effort to determine what if any portion of that material was unclassified or could be declassified.

25X1 5. [redacted] - GLC) Checked in with William Saltonstall, in the office of Senator Leverett Saltonstall, to see if we could be of any further assistance in the present situation. Mr. Saltonstall thanked me for our offer of assistance but commented that the matter was now under consideration "at higher levels than the Senate."

SECRET

N.Y. Times

CIA AGENTS OVERRUN U.S. EMBASSY STAFFS

Bratislava PRAVDA 22 May 1966--A

(Text) "In some embassies the number of CIA agents exceeds the number of regular diplomatic staff. In several cases almost 75 percent of the mission staff consist of secret agents."

These two sentences, concerning the coalescence of the U.S. diplomatic apparatus and the U.S. secret service seem at first glance to be slander. However, they are a quotation from the daily New York TIMES, which surely has scant reason for derogating the diplomatic service of its country in the eyes of the world unnecessarily. Thus we are left with the only choice--to take these statistics in earnest.

The quotation comes from one of a series of articles on the pages of the New York TIMES which analyzed the organization and the practical results of American espionage in a critical vein. In this case the object of dissatisfaction was primarily the growing bureaucratization and rigidity of the U.S. secret service.

Apart from other things, the ironic comments of the New York paper revealed to us that only a small circle of persons in the central office and the organization's operational chief in every individual country officially know the names of these agents. These operational chiefs usually hold some small post in a U.S. embassy in order not to be too conspicuous. However, he can usually be spotted very easily: He has a better car and a more beautiful villa than the ambassador himself.

The definition: "A diplomat is a good man who is sent abroad to lie there for the benefit of his country" has been known for a long time. It seems that it is time to suggest another version: "to spy there for the benefit of his fatherland." The only exception to this is that in the case of the CIA there are really grave doubts whether its activities have anything in common with the above-mentioned "benefit of the fatherland."

MAY 17 1966

CIA HELPS DELIVER WAR MATERIEL TO PORTUGUESE

Budapest ESTI HIRLAP 17 May 1966--A

(Anonymous article: "Another Embarrassing CIA Scandal--'Sparrow' and 'Monarch'")

(Text) The American secret service [illegible] very fashionable in the columns of the press right now. The trend was started by a five-article 25,000-word highly factual series in the New York TIMES. How understandable and justified have been the effort and expenses spent on the subject by the editors is best revealed by the fact that barely was the print dry on the last [illegible] of the series when the CIA provided another bud for the New York TIMES bouquet.

An undoubtedly manly looking trio stood by a plane at Rochester airport in New York state: The goateed John Hawke, a former air force pilot, a young blond Australian with a movie-star mustache, Georgy Bonne, who recently filed an application for American citizenship, and Count Henrie Marie Francois de Marin de Montmarin, a French aristocrat and adventurer linked, according to NEWSWEEK, by close and extensive ties to certain Portuguese circles in Angola and Mozambique.

Still, the problem of the customs [illegible] checking the plane concerned not the crew but the cargo, since the twin-[illegible] private C-46 carried bombs and ammunition. The customs officer, [illegible] Eugene Pyne, demanded an explanation. But instead, the pilot [illegible] "sparrow." A sparrow is a bird, and before the superintendent managed to get over his surprise, another, this time more flattering word was thrown at him: "monarch." The three men then told him to have the customs office call a certain number and be kind enough to announce the words "sparrow" and "monarch." This was done and the plane was allowed to proceed.

Every time an official objected to the, to say the least, questionable cargo of the C-46, the two magic words did the trick. Yet, as has come to light, the trio have not only flown twin-engine planes and often landed at some very distant airports; the young men have lived well in between trips; the French count extravagently in the most diverse places, the Australian "somewhere in the United States," and Hawke in Fort Lauderdale with his wife, where, to cite NEWSWEEK, they had "an astonishingly beautifully" furnished apartment.

The latter noticed that he was followed recently. He took it as a joke and could not even imagine that, knowing the [illegible] words, he had any reason to worry. It happened that he asked his "shadow" to help carry some large parcel to the car when he bought a considerable amount of goods at a supermarket. Not much after that the shadows around him increased, however, and Hawke was arrested at the suggestion of the Florida revenue office. The affair was made public before he could fire off the big "sparrow" and "monarch" guns and how a trial cannot be avoided.

In all probability, there are many high-ranking people in the United States for whom this trial will be much more [illegible] than for the accused, since Hawke angrily stated that he is not prepared to assume the role of the scapegoat just because the right hand does not know what the left hand is doing. How big a scandal can be expected can be guessed from facts that have emerged beyond any doubt: In the greatest secrecy, the illustrious trio had been delivering arms and ammunition, on behalf of the CIA and with the knowledge of the American Government, to the Portuguese fighting against the freedom fighters in Angola and Mozambique, and planes in numbers: seven gigantic B-26's.

TRANSMITTAL SLIP	DATE 9 June 66
TO: General Counsel	
ROOM NO. 7 D 01	BUILDING

REMARKS:

LRH
Misc/LC

FROM: EA/DCI		
ROOM NO.	BUILDING	EXTENSION

FORM NO. 241 1 FEB 55 REPLACES FORM 36-8 WHICH MAY BE USED. ☆ GPO : 1957—O—439445 (47)